THE JEFFERSONIAN.

Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Science, Morality, and General Intelligence.

VOL. 13. STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA. JUNE 9, 1853. NO. 33.

Published by Theodore Schoch

TERMS—Two dollars per annum in advance—Two dollars and a quarter, half yearly—and if not paid before the end of the year, Two dollars and a half. Those who receive their papers by a carrier or stage drivers employed by the proprietor, will be charged 37 1-2 cents, per year, extra.

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Touch those thrilling Chords Again.

Oh! touch those thrilling chords again,
And sing that song once more,
'Tis one I loved in other days,
And used to sing of yore.
When this heart was sunlight all and bloom,
And free as wild bird's wing;
'Twas then I loved to hear the song
That now I bid thee sing.

Thou say'st it is a simple thing,
And has no charms for thee;
Oh! thou can'st never, never know
How dear it is to me.
Thou can'st not know the memories
That wake in every strain;
Then smile not at my earnestness,
But sing it o'er again.

It was the first, the first sweet song
Of one who cared for me;
I learned it from the lips of love,
When stars were on the sea.
But the minstrel's hand is cold and mute,
And silent is that lute,
And the hallowed lips whence flowed that song
Are now forever mute.

Oh! many fond remembrances
Are blended in that lay,
And each soft tone wafts my full heart
To scenes in life's young day.
Then touch the silver chorded lute,
And sing that song once more,
'Twas sung to me by my beloved,
In happy days of yore.

You Can not Tell.

No; you cannot tell what shall come of seemingly trifling matters which exist, or circumstances that happen around you. Don't be in a hurry to snap your fingers in derision at every new thing that solicits your attention. There are indeed some bugs that only hum; but there are some that give the splendid scarlet to the robes of princes. Here is a fellow with some mechanical invention. He would like to have you look at it. It is to do something, perhaps a very simple thing, catch a mouse or kill a fly better than it was done before. Don't be off with a scoff. Bend a little, and listen to him.—There may be the germ of greatness there. When the air balloon was first discovered, some one flippantly asked Dr. Franklin what he thought of it. The Doctor answered the question by asking another:—"What is the use of a new-born infant?" Trifles may have great relations. The simple tea-kettle and the mighty steam-engine seem far asunder; but the bubbling of the one was the progenitor of the other. A lad at school got the birch well laid on, for his experiments on a cat; but the young operator was on the track of one of the noblest of discoveries. The lad was Harvey, who first made known the circulation of the blood. Newton was attracted by the falling of an apple. It set him to thinking. You could not have told what would come of so simple a fact. But you can now. That apple—and the disclosure to us of the sublime machinery of the starry heavens, how related! No, you cannot tell what will come of the little matters about you. Better not despise the day of small things. Our noses were made for a better purpose than to be turned up so often and so scornfully.—*Traveller.*

"Peace to his Ashes."—An editor closed a eulogy on a deceased soap-boiler with what he considered under all the circumstances, the peculiarly appropriate quotation, "Peace to his *ashes*." The printer made it 'grease to his ashes,' which greatly offended the friends, as too suggestive of soap.

A Great Loss.—"You have met with a great loss, neighbor Williams," said the deacon, condolingly, to Mr. W., the day after the latter had burried his wife.—"Yes, a terrible loss," replied the mourning husband: "she mor'n earned her livin', and I never had to lick her half-a-dozen times in my life." Williams was a man of delicate sensibilities.
—*New England Farmer.*

Ruins in New Mexico.

At a recent meeting of the Maryland Historical Society, a letter, dated Fort Fillmore, New Mexico, January 15, 1853, from Colonel D. S. Mile, of the United States Army, was read and excited a very deep and lively interest among the members present. The material portion of the letter is as follows:

Lieutenant Abert, of the Topographical Engineers, is the only officer of the army that ever had the opportunity of visiting Gran Quivira. He went to a deserted village called Abo, in lat. 34 deg. 25 m., lon. 106 west, and says he was within fourteen miles of it, and its direction was east. This may be correct; but my information would lead me to infer that it lies further south and east from Abo. Since I wrote the article in the Arkansas paper, I have accidently become acquainted with an old man, named Campbell, who is represented as a respectable and truthful man, who has visited Quivira on two occasions—the first time in 1839, when he was run off by the Indians; the next visit in 1842, with a larger party, and staid there a week, exploring or digging here and there for treasure. I will, as far as my memory permits, give you his description in his own words:

He found the site of the Gran Quivira on a mesa or table land, situated on the northwest point of the Sacramento mountains, having the appearance of a large and populous city, regularly laid out in wide streets at right angles. He supposes the city in length to be at least three miles, running northeast to southwest, and half a mile or more in breadth; some of the houses, in part, still standing, and built of *hewn* stone. There are clear indications of the size of the houses, and many of them are of very large size; or at least cover much ground. One he thought he recognised as the palace another as the temple or place of worship; and, here he thought it most probable he would find the treasure.

He sounded about and discovered a hollow place; cleaned away the dirt, and reached a floor; dug through it, thinking he was getting into a cellar, but found a room entirely empty, about sixteen to eighteen feet square, with polished walls, and with *paintings*, or colored figures all over it, and ascertained, for the first time, *that he was then on the level with* the street, which is now ten or fifteen feet below the present surface. He and party used this room as a dwelling while at the place. He dug at another place, which he supposed to be at the alter, and came to a flat rock; on clearing away the rubbish, he discovered where it had been excavated, and nicely covered by a close fitting, hewn, flat rock. He was sure of a prize, raised the rock, and found in a carved out hole in the solid rock the skeleton of a human body, Indian in appearance, the whole perfect, but which, in a few moments, by exposure to the air dissolved; not leaving a particle of evidence of a human corpse but fine dust. On digging further at that place, he found four such vaults and human skeletons.

He abandoned the town and went back to the hills, and found a cave, but on opening the mouth discovered it to be the shaft of a mine. This he followed for nearly a quarter of a mile, seeing throughout evidences of a shining mineral on all sides. At the end of the shaft was a small chamber, where he found a crowbar of some metal, but not of iron, quite black; a chisel and a hammer, or kind of axe also black; and a curious kind of earthen vessel. He left these things where he found them, and returned to the town. In rambling round to the western part, he found what was the reservoir, in the form of an ellipse; its axis must be 150 yards in length; its breadth at least 80, and its depth about 50 feet, paved bottom and sides with hewn stone. At the southernmost end of the reservoir was a very large house, of cut stone, several stories high, which seems to have been a place of arms, and intended as a guard house, to defend this pond of water, as, at regular intervals, there were long slits, and a kind of port hole left in the wall.

The walls are four feet thick; one corner, perhaps half, of this house is still standing. There is no water or wood near Gran Quivira. The whole country around for many miles is a desolate plain of sand. At the northern end of the reservoir the aqueduct comes in; this he followed to the White Mountains, forty miles in a northwest direction. It is throughout its length faced with small cut stone, (not brick) both on the sides and bottom, and cemented. In width it is about twelve feet, and about ten in depth—sufficient to carry a mountain stream, which no longer runs in it, owing to the obstruction of rubbish at its mouth, but which now pursues its course to the Pecos river. There is also a broad paved avenue leading directly east from Gran Quivira, near one hundred feet in width, which Mr. Campbell followeed for forty miles, and he left it supposing it to be a road which led to Nacogdoches, in Texas. About twenty miles from Gran Quivira, on the northern side of this road, he found quite a large village in ruins. At Gran Quivira there is an abundance of *painted* pottery and earthen vessels, but he found no metalic ones.

She had the "Tin."

Not a bad joke is told of a young bachelor, who being something of a fortune hunter, was after making the acquaintance of all the young ladies in his reach. Going up the river the other day on one of our Ohio boats, he was anxious to get an introduction to the ladies in the cabin, and he was told by Captain that one of them was young, beautiful, and accomplished, but only a little *nervous* while traveling, was just the one to suit him for a wife.

"Ah, Captain," responded the romantic youth "those are nice and even desirable appendages to a young lady, but there is one at least so far as my affections are to be interested, which is of vital necessity,—has she the *"tin?"* "Pon my word, my dear Sir," said the captain, "she hasn't nothing else!"

That was sufficient, and away the impatient went, arm in arm with the polite commander. The door of the ladies' cabin slid open, the party approached and sighing swain was presented. He was not the victim of falsehood, for there the young lady sat, timid, and trembling, with two large life preservers swung over her pretty neck, and made of *tin.*

A man from the country, with a very decidedly nervous temperment, and who had a constant dread of pick-pockets, lately put up at a hotel in St. Louis. He kept a guard upon his pocket book, containing about $1,000 and looked out sharply for rogues. On going to bed he thought he would place his wallet under his pillow for safety. Awaking in the morning the treasure was not there. Hastening to the clerk, he communicated his loss, and on being laughed at as an over careful man, threatened to make the house responsible, and got into a fever.—He was cooled down after a while by the production of his money which the clerk had safely deposited in his cash box.—It appears that the man had placed his wallet in his boot, instead of under his pillow, thinking the former the safest depository. He then set his boots out of the door to be blackened and thus the money found its way to the office through the hands of honest boots. It will never do for nervous men to travel alone.

'E Pluribus Unum,' said John Bull to Jonathan as he stood gapping at the flag floating from the Custom House, a few days since, 'what on earth does that mean?' 'Why,' said Jonathan, 'that's our country's motto, and means, that we are floating to glory.' John was satisfied.

The Rifle.

Many persons who are very expert in the use of the rifle, know nothing of the principle on which it operates, and would be at a loss if asked why a groved barrel throws a ball truer than a smooth bore. The reasons are these:

In the first place, no bullet is or can be cast perfectly spherical. One side is always heavier than the other, and the ball, therefore, swerves from the right line of projection. However hard it may be to prove this, theoretically, practice demonstrates it. The same smooth bore, immoveably fixed, twice loaded with the same charge, of the same powder, and with balls cast in the same mould, will not plant them both in the same spot, at the same distance.

The rifle barrel is a female screw, which gives the tightly driven ball a rotary motion, so that if the bullet, or rather the slug, swerves with one twist of the screw, another revolution corrects the error. There are but three motions in a rifle ball—the straightforward, the spiral, and downward, caused by the power of gravity. A rifle of thirty to the pound drops its ball about a foot in a hundred yards. Rifles are sighted therefore to meet this deviation. On leaving the barrel, the ball moves above the line of sight, continually falling in a parabolical curve, till it intersects it.

Who invented the rifle is not known. Its principle was known to the North American Indians before the discovery of the continent. Their arrows are feathered spirally, and move precisely in the maner of a rifle ball.

From the Pennsylvanian.

Employment of Women.

In speaking of the employment of women, we have no intention of dwelling at any considerable length upon the tasteless and useless occupations to which females, in what is called genteel and fashionable life, are devoted, whose time, at least that portion of which can be spared from scenes of dissipation, is spent in preparing some insignificant and useless ornament for the person or the chimney piece—devoted to such manual labor as administer only to personal vanity; feminine gewgaws which call forth no real talent, no thought, no reflection, no judgement; wasting the time in emptiness and frivolity which ought to be devoted to the cultivation of the mind and in the free exercise of the body. It is a vice as well as a folly to spend valuable time in such useless employments. If the female sex could only know with what contempt all men of good sense look upon such painted emptiness, such perishable gewgaws, they would seek occupations more in accordance with the dignity of human nature.

A writer, whose name we do not remember, has remarked that the scarcity of employments for females in England, and as a consequence in America, where we so blindly and subserviently imitate everything English, has ever been a subject of grief to the philanthropist and christian. On the continent it is otherwise. There the females perform the duty of shopkeepers, booksellers, and in nearly all the thriving merchantile establishments the daughters are nearly as useful and as fully engaged as the sons.—Hence, though there are idle and good-for-nothing men enough in France and the Low Countries, there are few idle women.

The English and American custom in this country is a constant theme of remark and astonishment with the foreigners who visit us. It is inquired, what becomes of our women: and it excites no surprise that the degraded portion of the sex is ten times more numerous in proportion than in those countries where females find employment suited to their strength, and for which they receive an adequate compensation.

Surely this subject is too deeply, vitally important to be overlooked. Amidst so many institutions, this matter seems to be one in regard to which much good might be done, and much happiness substituted for extensive and indescribable misery. Do those who declaim so loudily and so zealously upon the wrongs of the well-fed blacks at the south ever dream that there are worse evils in the world than those of negro slavery?

That the female sex should be rendered more independent in the means of obtaining a livelihood will not be denied; by having suitable employment, virtue and happiness would be generally increased.

The first plan that suggests itself to our consideration grows out of the peculiar circumstances of the case and the constitution of society. They might become to a very considersble extent their own physicians. Delicacy does forbid them from communicating at all times with a male physician. It is a well known fact that hundreds of lives are lost annually from commendable reverse in this respect. If women would make themselves acquainted with diseases and their remedies, if institutions for imparting a knowledge of physiology, anatomy, &c., could be established for females ten thousand of the sex might derive independence from advising and prescribing in disorders of females, and particularly in diseases of children, where such woful failures are so frequently made at present. This good work has commenced in this city, and we hope to see it carried on elsewhere.

Fifty thousand retail stores in our cities and towns ought to afford employment and good wages for one hundred thousand women. The employment of fifty thousand men, now engaged as tailors, and other similar light work, might be advantageously filled by women. Bookbinding, in nearly all its branches, might be given up to females. Watch and clock-making are also admirably adapted to the female sex, and might employ some thousands more. Engraving and similar callings might be surrendered entirely to female artists, which would still swell the number of those profitable and agreeably employed. As accountants and book-keepers females would stand unrivalled, and this would give employment to some thousands more. We would drive men from most of the easy employments within doors—those employments especially which rightfully belong to the other sex.

Thus, with a little energy of invention, we have easily pointed out the means of saving thousands from a life of wretchedness, if not of vice. If attention could be drawn to this matter by a society ort ganized for the purpose, and the object would be zealously promoted by the philanthropic and judicious, a multitude would be raised in social utility, importance and independence.

We are aware that it is usual to treat this subect sneeringly and jeeringly; hence nothing is done. But in calling public attention to this matter we are serious and in earnest. At present great evils exist, heart-breaking unhappiness prevails in a multitude of miserable and wretched homes. Is it not our duty to strive to save the better portion of our race from the terrible doom of poverty and misfortune, with all its horrible train of ills? Can this ever be done if it is not considered with a solemniny and earnestness befitting a question of such paramount importance?

Wool from Wood.

Not far from Breslau, in Silesia, in a demesne called Humbold's Meadow, there are two establishments, in one of which the leaves of the pine tree are converted into a species of wool or cotton, and in the other the waters left from the manufacture of this substance serve to supply medicated baths for the use of sick persons. These establishments were both set on foot under the superintendence of a forest inspector, M. de Pannewitz, the inventor of a chemical process for extracting from long and slender pine leaves a very fine fibrous substance, which he calls "wood wool," on account of its possessing the same felting and spinning properties as ordinary wool.

The circular leaves of pines, firs, and other coniferous trees, are composed of clusters of extremely delicate, adhesive fibres, surrounding and holding together a resinous substauce. This resinous substance may be dissolved by boiling, and by the employment of a certain reagents; it then becomes easy to separate the fibres from each other, to clean them, and remove any extraneous matter. By this treatment the wooly material acquires a greater or less degree of fineness. The pine may even be stripped when quite young; for if the verticles or whorls at the end of the branches are left, the tree will continue to grow. The stripping off of the leaves takes place every two years.

The use to which the wood-wool was first applied was to substitute it for cotton or woolen wadding in quilted blankets. In the year 1842, the hospital at Vienna purchased five hundred of these blankets, and after making a trial of them for several years, sent an order for a further supply. It has been observed that when the pine-tree wool is employed, the beds are quite free from any sort of parasitical insects, and it diffuses a very agreeable and salutary fragrance. Furniture in which this material is employed is free from moths. Its cost is three times less than horse-hair, and the most skilful upholsterer could not distinguish an article stuffed with this substance from one stuffed with horse-hair. This wool may be spun and woven, the finest quality yielding a thread very similar to flax, and quite as strong. When combed, spun or woven (?) like cloth, it may be employed for carpets, saddle-cloths, &c., and combined with a weft of linnen or calico, it may be made up into coverlets.

The liquid residium resulting from the boiling of the leaves, has most salutary influence when used as a bath. The reputation of the baths has increased since their establishment nine years ago. The liquid residium may, moreover, be concentrated, and sent in close jars for use in private houses.

The membraneous substance obtained by filteration, when the fibre is washed, is put up in the shape of bricks and dried, when it may be used as fuel, and produces a very considerable quantity of gas for lighting purposes. About a thousand cwt. of wool leaves a quantity of fuel equal in value to more than 180 cube feet of pine wood.—*London Mechanic's Magazine.*

A Smart Woman.—In Lexington last week an Irish woman named McGrath, was engaged in baking bread, when, from a defect in the flue, an out-building connecting with a pig-stye took fire; and, not being able to lift the pig, with an axe knocked away a portion of the stye. took away the pig, and tied it at some distance from the house. On returning she discovered the roof of the house to be in flames, and there being no person near excepting her three children, her first movement was to carry them away from danger.—Then returning, she removed every article of furniture, excepting one bedstead, which, having lost the key she could not take apart. She then removed every door and window safely from their places almost before any assistance arrived, and was only prevented by force from entering the flames and saving her bread from the brick oven. In little more than an hour from the breaking out of the fire, she walked over the smoking ruins and took out her bread, which was found to be very nicely baked.—*Bunker Hill Aurora.*

Playing Truant.—We never knew a boy in the habit of playing truant, and wasting the golden hours of youth, to become a great and distinguished man.—Most often the idler of early life is the laggard of the world's race. Truly happy is the boy whom parental and friendly care saves from this alluring danger of youthful days. The reason why truency is so serious an evil is not the loss of a day or two from school now and then, or any other immediate or direct consequence of it, it is because it is the beginning of a long course of sin; it leads to bad company, and to deception, and to vicious habits; it stops the progress of preparation for the duties of life, hardens the heart, and opens the door for every temptation and sin, which, if not closed, must bring the victim to ruin. These are what constitute its dangers.

Agricultural.

Farming near Washington.

We learn from the *National Intelligencer*, that Mr. Charles B. Calvert has been offered $50,000 for 200 acres of his farm, and refused to take the money. Two hundred and fifty dollars an acre is a high price for farming lands, and it is only in consideration of valuable buildings and other improvements that one would be justified in paying so much. Riverdale, as Mr. Calvert's estate is called, contains nearly three thousand acres; lies north east of Bladensburg; and extends from the village some three or four miles up a beautiful valley, watered by a fine mill stream. Mr. Calvert's father was a large tobacco grower, and most of this plantation has been much worn by this scourging crop, when often repeated on the same field. At present, the farm is mainly devoted to dairy purposes, producing milk and cream for the largest hotel in Washington, and a surplus for the market.—The cows kept are Short Horns, Ayrshires, Alderneys and their crosses with the best native milkers. Hay is too valuable in the Metropolis to feed to cows in winter, as Mr. C. believes, although milk sells at eight cents a quart. Turnips, short cut straw and cornstalks are more economical food, so that most of the hay grown at Riverdale is sold off the farm. It is little remarkable how few understand the art of growing large crops of hay and grass in the United States. The quite unexpected and prodigious decrease in the number of sheep, cows, working oxen and horses in the State of New York from 1845 to 1850, can only be accounted for, by conceding the inability of the land to keep them, without more skill than has been applied to that purpose.

Mr. Calvert's does not come up to our ideal of what a grazing farm ought to be. He, however, is soon to introduce extensive irrigation by steam power; and should his life be spared to three score years and ten, a model farm may be seen in Prince George's County, Maryland.

A new octagon barn one hundred feet in diameter has recently been erected by him, having a skylight in the centre, with ample storage for turnips and forage over the first story, which is devoted entirely to stalls for cows. These stand in two rows quite round the building leaving an open centre space of thirty feet in diameter. Mr. C. prefers ground to plank floors for cattle to stand upon, which is kept clean and smooth, and generally bedded. A horse and cart may be driven round behind the cows in the stable for taking up manure; and so much of the urine, as is not absorbed by the straw and other litter runs into tanks. From thirty to forty thousand bushels of turnips are fed in a year, which are sliced with turnip cutters. Cows graze in the field during the summer season; although it is believed that soiling is more economical where land is dear and labor cheap. After the engine is made to convey all the manure from the stables to the fields in a liquid state and properly diluted for distribution, soiling will be still more profitable, for a good crop of grass may be cut every four weeks during seven or eight months, in the climate of Washington with proper irrigation and manuring.

Striped Bugs.

To keep them from young vines, put a box around the hill; three shingles, five or six inches wide, are wide enough; make a letter A with them, and fasten them up with dirt or sticks. Notice, and you will see the bugs fly in stright lines and near the ground, and besides, they cannot stop in their flight and let themselves down on the plant, as a chimney swallow lets himself down the chimney, so that they will fly over the tops of the boxes and light upon something on the other side. If they start up again, they will fly over the boxes and light upon something on the opposite side. Occasionally, if the boxes are very low, this lighting place will happen to be just in side of the box, but not very often. I have driven off a great number from a hill and put up a box around, and only one or two bugs got back again. There is no need of killing the bugs; simply drive them off and put on the boxes, or put them on before they come. You do not put covers over the tops; put small open boxes round, with the sides high enough so that when you stand ten feet from the hill you cannot see the plants, and then the bugs flying cannot see them, and consequently will not know where the plants are so as to light upon them. Do not make the boxes too high, for that will shade the plants; nor too low, for then the bugs will see the plants and light upon them—they will fly straight to them.

I have been twelve years in making observations upon this insect, and have used the box for that time, but did not discover why the bugs did not get in, till last year while in Whaltham, Mass. In a garden there where I introduced the box I found that they did not get in because they could not.

I know of several who have used the box for a long time with success.

A gardener in Massachusetts was pleased with the box, and said "We have a black bug also which crawls on the ground and bites off the plant close to the root, and your box will shut him out."

T. O. PAINE.